Andrew Jackson Houston

LATE A SENATOR
FROM TEXAS

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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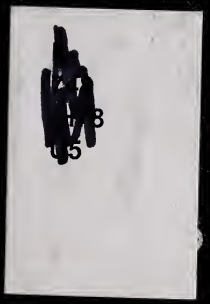

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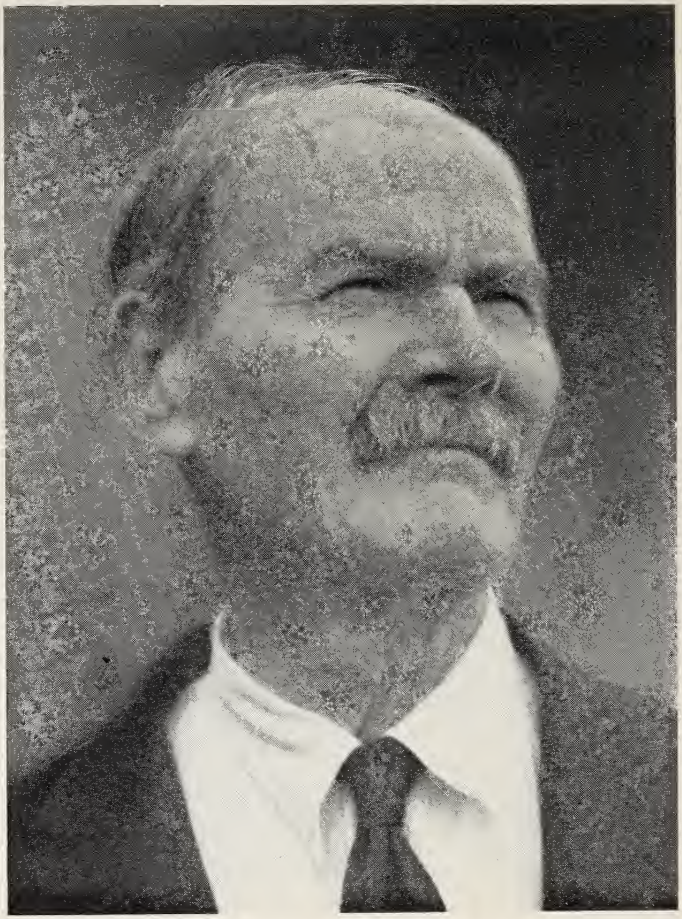

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Andrew Jackson Houston

LATE A SENATOR FROM
TEXAS

V.5

Seventy-seventh Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
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Biography

ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON was born in Independence, Washington County, Tex., June 21, 1854; attended the common school, Baylor University, Waco, Tex., Bastrop (Tex.) Military Academy, Texas Military Institute at Austin, and Old Salado (Tex.) College; appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., in June 1871 and was honorably discharged on account of physical disability in 1873; employed as a clerk in the State school department 1873–1875 and in the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., in 1875; one of the organizers of the Travis Rifles at Austin during the reconstruction period in 1874; studied law, was admitted to the bar on April 21, 1876, and practiced in Tyler, Tex., 1876–1879; clerk of the United States district court at Dallas, Tex., 1879–1889; practiced law in Dallas, Tex., 1889–1901 and in Beaumont, Tex., in 1901 and 1902; during the Spanish-American War formed a troop of Cavalry for the Rough Riders of Theodore Roosevelt, but was not a member thereof; appointed United States marshal for the eastern district of Texas at Beaumont by President Theodore Roosevelt and served from 1902 to 1910; unsuccessful Prohibition Party candidate for Governor of Texas in 1910 and 1912; served in the Texas National Guard 1884 to 1893 with the rank of colonel; professor of military science and tactics at St. Mary's University in 1917 and 1918; retired from active business pursuits in 1918 and lived near La Porte, Tex., and was engaged as a writer and author; appointed by Governor Neff in 1924 as superintendent of the State park at the San Jacinta Battleground and served until appointed to the Senate; appointed as a Democrat to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy in the term ending January 3, 1943, caused by the death of Morris Sheppard, and served from April 21, 1941, until his death; was not a candidate for election to fill the vacancy; died in a hospital at Baltimore, Md., while on a visit for medical treatment, on June 26, 1941; temporary interment in the Abbey Mausoleum near Arlington, Va.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *June 8, 1942.*

Mr. BEAM. Mr. Speaker, I present a privileged resolution, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 502

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 24th day of June 1942, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the second session of the Seventy-seventh Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-seventh Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:15 to 11:45)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer------ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation---------- The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Lead, Kindly Light (Buck)---------- Male Quartet

Scripture reading and prayer---------- The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

Address---------- Hon. Edward J. Hart
Representative from the State of New Jersey

Crossing the Bar (Barnby)---------- Male Quartet

Address----------Hon. Frank Crowther
Representative from the State of New York

The Long Day Closes (Sullivan)---------- Male Quartet

Taps----------Oscar Short

Benediction---------- The Chaplain

Andrew Jackson Houston

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *June 24, 1942.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The CHAPLAIN, Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The male quartet sang Lead, Kindly Light (Buck).

The CHAPLAIN:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.

Amen.

Let us hear the word of the Lord. Almighty God, hear our prayer taken from the Holy Bible.

Jesus said: I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

The righteous live forever, and the care of them is with the Most High; with His right hand He shall cover them, and with His arm He shall shield them.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

I am the way, the truth, and the life:

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Yet hope will dream and faith will trust
For He who knows our needs is just,
Somehow, somewhere, meet we must,
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cyprus trees!
And hopeless lays his dead away.
Nor sees the breaking of the day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hour of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!

If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm
That drives us nearer home.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

BYRON PATTON HARRISON, Senator from the State of Mississippi: Born August 29, 1881; lawyer; district attorney, second district of Mississippi, 1905–10; delegate Democratic National Conventions, 1908, 1920, 1924, temporary chairman, 1924; chairman of the Democratic State convention, 1916; Member, House of Representatives, Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth Congresses; elected to the United States Senate 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936; President pro tempore of the Senate and chairman of the Committee on Finance at the time of his death June 22, 1941.

ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, Senator from the State of Texas: Born June 21, 1854; soldier; lawyer; graduate of West Point Military Academy; one of the organizers of the Travis Rifles at Austin, Tex., during the reconstruction period, 1874; formed a troop of cavalry,

Roosevelt Rough Riders; clerk, United States district court, 1879–89; United States marshal, 1902–10; Prohibition Party candidate for Governor of Texas, 1910 and 1912; appointed to the United States Senate on April 21, 1941, serving until his death June 26, 1941.

ALVA MOORE LUMPKIN, Senator from the State of South Carolina: Born November 13, 1886; lawyer; judge; member, State house of representatives, 1911–13; member, Conciliation Commission, United States and Uruguay, in 1914; acting assistant attorney general, South Carolina, 1918; member, State board of pardons, 1922–23; acting associate justice, State supreme court, 1926–34; Federal judge, United States District Court Eastern and Western Districts, South Carolina, May 22, 1939, until his resignation on July 21, 1941; appointed to the United States Senate on July 17, 1941; died August 1, 1941.

ALVA BLANCHARD ADAMS, Senator from the State of Colorado: Born October 29, 1875; lawyer; attorney, county of Pueblo, 1909–11; member character convention, city of Pueblo, 1911; member board of regents, Colorado State University, 1911–12; city attorney, Pueblo, 1911–15; chairman Pueblo County Council of Defense, 1917–18; major in Judge Advocate General's Department, 1918–19; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment, from May 17, 1923, to December 1, 1924; elected to the United States Senate in 1932 and again in 1938; died December 1, 1941.

STEPHEN BOLLES, First Congressional District of Wisconsin: Born June 25, 1866; reporter; correspondent; editor; press superintendent, Pan American Exposition, 1901; chief, graphic arts, and president, international jury of awards, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1903; director of publicity, Jamestown Exposition, 1907; trustee, Janesville Public Library, 18 years; Member of the Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died July 8, 1941.

ALBERT GREIG RUTHERFORD, Fifteenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born January 3, 1879; lawyer; soldier; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Pennsylvania, 1904; enlisted Company D, Thirteenth Infantry, Pennsylvania National Guard, 1904, captain Company K, Thirteenth Infantry, 1908, major and inspector, Third Brigade, 1910, major and judge advocate general, 1917; lieutenant colonel Second Pennsylvania Reserve Militia in 1918; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died August 10, 1941.

EDWARD THOMAS TAYLOR, Fourth Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 19, 1858; educator; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Michigan, 1884; county superinten-

dent of schools, Lake County, 1884; deputy district attorney, 1885–86; district attorney, 1887–89; county attorney, Garfield County, two terms; city attorney, Glenwood Springs, five terms; elected to the State senate in 1896, 1900, and 1904; Member of the Sixty-first to the Seventy-seventh Congresses, inclusive (17 successive Congresses); chairman of the Appropriations Committee Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died September 3, 1941.

LEE EDWARD GEYER, Seventeenth Congressional District of California: Born September 9, 1888; educator; received degree of bachelor of arts, Baker University, Baldwin City, Kans.; graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, the University of Southern California; legislator; member, California State Assembly, sixty-seventh assembly district, 1934–36; Member Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died October 11, 1941.

LAWRENCE JOSEPH CONNERY, Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts: Born October 17, 1895; reporter; lawyer; businessman; soldier; served on the Mexican border in 1916 in Company A, Ninth Massachusetts Infantry; World War in Company A, One Hundred and First Regiment, United States Infantry, from March 25, 1917, until honorably discharged March 24, 1919; served 19 months in France, taking part in all major operations, engagements, and battles of the One Hundred and First Infantry, Twenty-sixth (Yankee) Division; graduated from the law department of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., in 1926; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died October 19, 1941.

PATRICK JOSEPH BOLAND, Eleventh Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born January 6, 1880; businessman; contractor; member, Scranton School Board, 1907–9; member of the Scranton City Council; county commissioner of Lackawanna County, 1915–19; Member Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; appointed majority whip during the Seventy-fourth Congress, serving until his death, May 18, 1942.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Let us pray: O Love Divine, blessed is the hope and faith which Thou hast woven into the very heart of our being; they will live in some higher realm where longings and aspirations are fulfilled. Thou hast curtained the future with night and we know not what a day will bring forth, yet we praise Thee for the light upon the mountain where the lights of men pale in the splendor of the dawn. Look down upon those today who have been stricken by grief; through love's vigil, they are passing through the shadows. We pray Thee to fold them close to the breast of love; temper their sorrow with the vision of that Light that knows no shadow of turning and by which the valley is exalted and the way made clear. Be with us all, giving strength to walk through joy and sorrow, until we reach the last horizon of earth's journey then let us hear the voices calling out of the darkness, directing our ways in paths unknown. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Hon. EDWARD J. HART, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. EDWARD J. HART

Mr. SPEAKER: Once again, in continuance of a commendable custom, we have foregathered in solemn veneration of the memories of those who have left us for that mysterious land "whence no traveler returneth." But one short year ago they worked by our side, gave us the benefit of their counsel, the joy of their companionship, shared our tasks, and strove with valiant hearts and minds to increase the power and influence of this blessed land.

Since then the sable pall of death, the dark curtain of eternal night, has dropped between us, shutting off from our further view their sweet and friendly faces. Death has set the seal of eternity upon their brows and the beautiful hath been made permanent.

In this sweet hour of love and remembrance our feelings ought not to be marked by an undiluted sadness. "It is as natural to a man to die," says Lord Bacon, "as to be born." And none of us knows the day or the hour. Man's early observation and experience enforce upon his consciousness the inevitability of death, and always as he toils in the teeming market places or walks along the cool, sequestered path of mortal life there is cast before him the dark shadow of impending doom. To those who choose to dwell amid "the wide, weltering chaos of infidelity" death can be conceived of only as a grisly gorgon hovering over a fathomless pit of black despair. But we know that our Redeemer liveth. And this precious and unquenchable truth bathes us in a radiant glow of hope. For us death is not Pluto, king of the dark unknown, but rather, Azrael, brother and friend, lord of this mansion of life.

Ofttimes we are affrighted by the vastness we behold about us. Our sense of proportion is distorted by the infinity of space. We gaze upon the vast mountains that divide a continent or upon the ever-restless sea whose menacing roar can never be subdued, and our first thought is of our comparative insignificance in the order of nature. Sometimes in the country on a crisp, clear autumn evening, we shut the cottage door and step out to gaze upon the starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow, and in its refulgence, feel as a little babe swaddled by the hands of Erebus into helpless quiescence. Then suddenly, adown the centuries comes ringing the voice of eternal truth.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.

Again we are refreshed by the cool, sweet breath of hope. Again we know that although—

we are but a mere speck among a myriad worlds, yet we are greater than the sum of them; having our roots in the dark places of the earth but our branches in the sweet airs of heaven.

These mighty manifestations of the material world which we have beheld are but God's footstools, but there is within us an immortal soul which is His very image and likeness. Yes; a human soul—a grander creation than the Alps or the Andes, for it shall outlive them; a soul moved by aspirations that outrun the universe, and possessing a destiny that shall outlive the stars. Our sadness then, today and always, deriving from the loss of these dear colleagues whom we mourn, will be tempered by the faith and hope we carry in our hearts.

Were they to whom we pay this tribute of our love numbered among those whom the world calls great? We do not need to know. They were men of honor who strove to the limit of their abilities to perform well the high and important duties with which they were entrusted. They labored in forgetfulness of self. They loved their God; they loved their country; they loved their families and their homes. And we loved them. They were our colleagues. More, they were our comrades and our brothers, our companions in life's fitful journey. We recognize in them symbols of that great humanity of which each of us forms equally a part; we see them only as children of the living God and realize that here after all, beyond temporal greatness, is the real, substantial, and universal distinction of every man that is born of women. It is this idea of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God which is destined by the irresistible sweep of its power to destroy in God's good time every vestige of tyranny on earth. It lies at the foundation of democracy. It is this same idea upon which our country is builded; it is the indestructible cornerstone of our civil polity, and at once the reason and justification of the sublime service in which we now participate. Whatever the next world holds in store, we are bidden in this to seek and serve God in our fellow men. These dear departed asked naught of life but leave to serve, to live, and to commune with their fellow men, and from the lap of earth to look up into the face of God. That may be called their greatest glory.

We shall not pause then to inquire into the measure of their greatness. Not all who are called great are truly great. Many of the noblest heroes sleep in unremembered graves. For greatness is a term entirely related to opportunity. From the contemplation of God's glorious universe, we can see the possibility of greatness in small things as well as in the large. If we meditate upon the processes of nature we shall learn the necessity of perfection in the smallest act. God's infinite skill is not exhausted nor concentrated in the structure of a firmament, in drawing the orbit of a planet; in laying the strata of the earth; in rearing the mountain cone. The care for the bursting flower is as wise as the forces displayed in the rolling star; the smallest leaf that falls and dies unnoticed in the forest is wrought with a beauty as exquisite as the art displayed in the sturdy oak. Omnipotent skill is stamped on the infinitely small as on the infinitely great.

The lesson of religion, urged and enforced by examples in nature, is the inestimable worth of common duties, as manifesting the greatest principles; it bids us attain perfection, not by striving to do dazzling deeds but by making our experience divine; it tells us that the real hero will ennoble the humblest field of labor; that nothing is mean which can be performed as duty; but that religious virtue, like the touch of Midas, converts the humblest call of conscience into spiritual gold.

Our observation infallibly informs us that it was in accordance with this lesson that our colleagues strove and wrought. And of all who have sincerely ordered their lives in conformity with this ennobling ideal we cannot think that they are really dead. "If man is immortal," we are told, "he as truly lives in the past as he will in the future." The light of a faithful life dies not, nor does he who lived it. His body indeed is interred in earth's cold bosom, but the light of that life, like the light of the departed sun, shines on undimmed and renews its cheering radiance as day by day it is revived to the children of earth.

And what a spiritual tonic it is for us that we should thrust aside our ordinary pursuits and come here to sweetly linger over the memories of those who no longer answer the call of the roll. What a supreme benefit to ourselves that in this sweet communion of spirit we should revive those happier days ere yet their earthly lives were ended. Here we renew our better resolution; here we dwell upon the infinite mercy and love of an everlasting God. Here we contemplate the glories and bliss of that immortality which our better natures will not permit us to forget. There are those who scoff at immortality. These do but seek with vain and boasting tongue to smother the aspirations of every human heart. "If there is no existence for man beyond the present state, how," asks the old divine, "can we explain the attributes with which he is endowed and which stamp him as a moral being? What powers, what capacities are involved in his nature. What capacity to enjoy and what power to impart happiness to others. Who can reflect on the nature of such a creature, his intelligence, his susceptibility, his will, his conscience, the dignity, the excellence of which he is capable, the moral victories and triumphs he may win, his fitness to hold on his way with archangels strong in advancing all that good which infinite wisdom could devise and infinite benevolence could love, the graces with which he may be adorned, and the beatitudes with which he may be blessed, and not believe that he is made to be one with a God who has created him, a partaker of His blessedness, a companion of His eternity?" It is into that blissful eternity that our dear colleagues have gone. From their labors here they have been called away. We do not believe, to quote the graphic words of Shakespeare, that they have gone to "a blind cave of eternal night." The sparks of their noble lives flickered a little while and then went out. The lute is silent. The chords made of their heartstrings are broken. While with us all the "sense of death is most in apprehension," we feel justified in indulging the buoyant hope that they have been

translated to a better and brighter home beyond the grave, "where the air is filled with solemn, delightful music, and the sky is aglow with the splendor of sunlight and perpetual spring; where the rumbling waters are dashed with the fragrance of rare and beautiful flowers and the garlands, woven from the lilies of the valley, are forever white and green."

Henry Ward Beecher so often spoke of death as a coronation. And so it is. Henceforth, when we speak of it, let it be only as the pathway to a nobler life. Let us strip it of its awful significance, and think of it only as the working out of God's infinite mercy and goodness. We cannot escape it, but we can do much to rob it of its dread. It is the universal experience which all must undergo who have breathed and moved in material form. Grace, strength, health, the glory of the world, the bud, the blossom and the fruit of all mundane possibilities, "all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave," must blight, wither, and perish at its touch.

The universe—

Says Britain's fine prose poet, Michael Fairless—

The universe is full of miracle and mystery; the darkness and silence are set for a sign we dare not despise. The pall of night lifts, leaving us engulfed in the light of immensity under a tossing heaven of stars. The dawn breaks, but it does not surprise us, for we have watched from the valley and seen the pale twilight. Through the wondrous sabbath of faithful souls, the long day of rosemary and rue, the light brightens in the east; and we pass on toward it with quiet feet and opening eyes, bearing with us all of the redeemed earth that we have made our own, until we are fulfilled in the sunrise of the great Easter Day, and the peoples come from north and south and east and west to the city which lieth four-square—the beatific vision of God.

Let us live always in expectancy of that delectable vision. Let us live in faith and honor, and in that spirit of unselfish service which animated the careers of our separated colleagues, and which alone can bring us to a realization, full and complete, of the glory and purpose of the manifold garment of God.

The male quartet sang Crossing the Bar (Barnby).

Hon. FRANK CROWTHER, a Representative from the State of New York, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANK CROWTHER

Mr. SPEAKER: On this solemn occasion we are assembled to pay tribute to the memory of our departed colleagues. We have not come in a spirit of mourning and sorrow but rather to scatter a few flowers on the pathway of memory and to renew our faith in a blessed immortality.

Joy and sorrow are closely intermingled in this busy world of ours. The happiness incident to the birth of a precious baby is ofttimes curbed by the death of its mother, and repeatedly on the highway of life the bridal procession must tarry while the funeral train passes by. Even after great victories in battle the shouts and huzzahs of the populace are hushed as vanquished foes are borne to their last resting place.

But the king and his jester must answer the call; the great and the humble and the spear of the prince and the staff of the pauper shall lie side by side.

Life is a privilege. The noontide fades
And shadows fall among the winding glades;
The joy blooms wither in the autumn air,
Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there.
Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind
And in the serious hours of life we find
Depths in the soul of men which lend new worth
And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate
Sends us alone to seek the exit gate;
If men foresake us as the shadows fall,
Still does the supreme privilege of all
Come in that reaching upward of the soul
To find the welcoming presence at the goal,
And in the knowledge that our feet have trod.
Paths that lead from and must lead us back to God.

This service is one that carries us away from the busy whirl of today and transports us to the land of yesterday, filled with fond memories of those who have left us for a little while. Scarcely one of us but what sit and muse and grow fanciful as the floodgate of memory is opened and we live again the joys and sorrows of a lifetime.

The fond mother in fancy sees her first-born who was taken away in his baby days, and there comes to her an intuitive knowledge that had he been spared he would have been her pride and joy. Son and daughter in fancy see again their dear old father and mother who finally went to their reward after weary months of illness. Even communities pause in the midst of their activities to pay tribute to the memory of those whose life work and achievements have made them characters of historic interest.

And so we are assembled to turn back the pages of the record of yesterday, and as we listened to this roll call of the departed we in fancy could see our colleagues as we knew them in the days of their health and strength, of which they gave their full measure in the performance of their duties.

No measure of sacrifice on our part would have been too great if we could have saved their lives to their families and friends. But the power to stay the hand of the grim messenger is not vested in us, and we bow in humble submission before the awful majesty of death. Life, after all, is but a vapor, which appeareth for a little while and vanisheth away, and there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than the fool forever; life is ever promising and seldom fulfilleth, ever lived in the present, and the present is no more by the time you have said it. One day calls for another day and makes joy to follow joy and tears to follows tears.

Life is a constant struggle and conflict between the victor and the vanquished, while the bitterness of the strife withers the laurels of the conqueror and rankles in the hearts of the defeated.

Success is not often measured by the degree of happiness, peace, or contentment attained but rather by the battles won and trophies captured from the vanquished foe.

Fortunate is the man who can so live that his success in material things has not dwarfed his spiritual stature. Death to him is but the zero hour of the great adventure, and he sings with the psalmist:

Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

But man is as frail and as prone to err as he has been for centuries, and in spite of the great moral uplift and banishment of bigotry during the last century we are still possessed of the tendency to exaggerate the faults of our neighbor and belittle his efforts for good. So few of us during our life journey walk the center of the path of rectitude with never a step to the right or to the left that in order to be true to ourselves we should be less hasty and caustic in our criticism and heed well the admonition:

Let he that be without sin cast the first stone.

The ancient Arabs had a saying that "death is a camel that kneels before every man's tent," and so in the midst of the battle of life comes death, the implacable foe of person, time, or place. Ever walking by our side, it cannot be avoided and none may escape it. Its sway is universal and the hour of its coming is uncertain. In joy or sorrow it finds us out and we must follow at the summons. Even as our departed friends were called, to us shall come perhaps without warning the grim messenger who shall dash the cup of life all fragrant with love and success from our lips and we shall stand as strangers at the gates of eternity. What will our earthly life, our lofty hopes, our success or failure matter to us at that time? How paltry and insignificant our own individuality, and how small will seem the part we played in the drama of the universe. There we shall stand in the presence of the Everlasting Judge, and human imagination

dare not take a step farther, dare not enter that presence for between us and the soul of departed friends there is a veil which we cannot penetrate, and its secret will not be revealed to us until we too pass behind it from the light which is darkness to the full light of perfect knowledge.

What a flood of happy recollections come tumbling down the stream of memory as we look back upon the friendships developed by years of association with these departed friends. To us they have told their story of humble beginnings and early hardships which, in men of sterling worth and integrity, serve but to urge them on to their goal of achievement. Many of them had attained positions of high honor in their States, and yet their ambition had been to serve their country in a representative capacity. They came from all walks of life—successful bankers and businessmen, lawyers of outstanding ability, and occasionally from the ranks of professional men and the clergy. They all contributed to the sum total of knowledge and ability that is so necessary in a national legislative body. To the younger Members of the House they were a source of inspiration, and to us all they were united in the bonds of real friendship.

These departed colleagues to whom we this day pay tribute all experienced the joy and satisfaction resulting from the real friendships that they formed during their years of service. We read in prose and poetry of deathless friendships and we all know just what that means. In this greatest of deliberative bodies, neither invective, sarcasm, nor partisanship can sever the bonds of real friendship.

There is no friend like an old friend
  Who has shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome,
  No homage like his praise.

Fame is the scentless sunflower
  With gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose
  With sweets in every fold.

The passing of these distinguished Members was a loss not only to their immediate families but a loss to the Nation. They had served for periods varying from a few months to a quarter of a century and their achievements will be a source of inspiration to us and to future generations. What better record can a man leave than that of the full performance of duty? Such a record is the result of the possession not only of marked ability but of undaunted courage and a high sense of honor.

To men of this caliber the Nation is indebted for their tireless energy and devoted service. To them the Master said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you," and our faith in a blessed immortality tells us that we shall see them again in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Without this abiding faith in the hereafter, death would be indeed an appalling mystery, life would be a tragedy, and love and devotion a mere mockery.

We all dread to think of the hour of parting when those nearest and dearest to our hearts shall be taken out of our lives. But the great wealth of our love and devotion will not be lost to us, for it shall be gathered into the treasury of the kingdom and shall be returned to us a hundredfold when we, in our turn, shall follow the unnumbered generations into gladness eternal.

Oh, may I join the chair invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
Live in pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence
Urge men's search to vaster issues.

Hope not the cure of sin till self is dead.
Forget it in love's service
And the debt thou cannot pay the angels shall forget.
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone
Save thou one soul
And it perchance may save thine own.

God in His infinite wisdom does not permit us to darken our lives with the thought of death. He bids us raise our eyes to the heavens and ever have an abiding faith in our fellow men; to cultivate self-respect in place of self-regard; to walk humbly with Him in the quietness of the dim valley and the dark stream ever believing that an all-merciful Providence has a place and a joy for even the most humble of His creations.

Whether this life journey be long or short, let the record established by our departed colleagues continue to be an inspiration to us as time marches on. At this hour when this world of ours is torn and bleeding by cruel war, let us not cry out as did King Richard, "Now is the winter of our discontent," but rather may we declare that this is the springtime of our opportunity, to serve God and home and country.

Amidst our trials and tribulations, our ambitions, and our temptations, let us remember the closing stanza of that literary gem by Bryant:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like a quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon;
But, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

The male quartet sang The Long Day Closes (Sullivan).

Mr. Oscar Short, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded taps.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

MONDAY, *May 25, 1942.*

The PRESIDING OFFICER. On May 14, 1942, the Senate agreed to Senate Resolution 250, which will be read.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Monday, May 25, 1942, at the conclusion of the morning business, the legislative business of the Senate be suspended for the purpose of permitting the delivery of memorial addresses on the life, character, and public service of the late Senators Pat Harrison, of Mississippi; Andrew Jackson Houston, of Texas; Alva M. Lumpkin, of South Carolina, and Alva B. Adams, of Colorado, respectively.

Mr. CONNALLY. Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The legislative clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 256), as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, late a Senator from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public service.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the Senate, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Address by Senator Connally

Of Texas

Mr. PRESIDENT: The late Senator ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, of Texas, was born at Independence, Tex., on June 21, 1854. Independence, Tex., was then a flourishing center of culture and education. Since the advent of the railroads it has fallen into decay. It was then the location of what has become the oldest educational institution of higher grade in the State of Texas, Baylor University, which is now located at Waco, Tex.

Senator HOUSTON was the son of Gen. Sam Houston. Gen. Sam Houston, as all Senators know, was a Member of Congress from the State of Tennessee, Governor of the State of Tennessee, and later the general in chief of the armies of the Texas revolutionary forces which on April 21, 1836, triumphed on the field of San Jacinto over the armies of Mexico, and achieved the independence of the Republic of Texas.

Gen. Sam Houston was the first President of the Republic of Texas. Later, upon the admission of Texas to the Union, he was one of the first two Senators from the State of Texas to the United States Senate. Later he served as Governor of Texas. When the secession movement swept over the South he was Governor of the State, and not favoring secession, was ousted from his office, but remained firm in adherence to his views.

Sam Houston was one of the great historic characters, not alone of Texas, but of the United States. He was an intimate of Gen. Andrew Jackson, and popular rumor credits their intimate consideration of the movement headed by General Houston which eventuated in the independence of Texas. He was an intimate of Gen. Andrew Jackson, and so his son was named for Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Senator HOUSTON was appointed as Senator in this body to fill the unexpired term created by the death of our late

distinguished and beloved colleague, Morris Sheppard. He was appointed by the present junior Senator [Mr. O'Daniel], who was then Governor of the State of Texas. His appointment was made upon the 21st day of April 1941, the anniversary of the day upon which his father with his sword carved an enduring place out of the hard and unyielding granite of history.

Our late colleague, Senator HOUSTON, was a modest man. He was a man of unblemished reputation and character. His tastes were essentially along military lines. He attended old Bastrop Military Institute in our State, later Texas Military Institute at Austin, and finally was graduated from the West Point Military Academy.

During the reconstruction turbulence of 1874 in our State, Senator HOUSTON, who was then quite a young man, organized a military company known as the Austin Rifles, interested in maintaining the sovereignty and the integrity of our own State government. Later, in the War with Spain he recruited a company which he tendered to Col. Teddy Roosevelt in connection with his Rough Riders.

Later Senator HOUSTON served as clerk of the United States Court for the Northern District of Texas from 1879 to 1889, Later, he was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt to be United States marshal for the southern district of Texas, in which position he served for a number of years.

Senator HOUSTON was not essentially a politician. On one occasion, he became a candidate of the Prohibition Party for Governor of Texas at a time when that party, of course, had no hope whatever of triumphing. He was a man of splendid ability. He was a member of the bar, and practiced for some years with a fair degree of success. He lived a life without ostentation or without boasting of his ancestry or his distinguished connection.

When he came to this body, of course, he was at an advanced age. Time had enfeebled his physical being, and, while his mentality was still keen, his physical infirmities

made it impossible for him to lead the vigorous and turbulent life that is sometimes the part of a Senator on this floor. But he was honored, respected, and loved throughout our State, among all classes of our people.

While his tenure here was short, he discharged his duties with a degree of modesty and ability which attracted the admiration of all his colleagues.

Mr. President, I am glad to pay my tribute of respect and admiration for this kindly, this gentle man of unblemished reputation and character, in whose veins flowed the blood of militant heroes, and who in the varied activities of a quiet civilian life undertook to discharge his duties with the same degree of fidelity that his distinguished ancestor displayed upon the field of battle.

Address by Senator O'Daniel

Of Texas

Mr. PRESIDENT: Today we pay honor to the memory of the late Senator ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON. The occasion is of unusual significance because those of us who had the privilege and honor of actually rubbing shoulders in the flesh with this son of one of America's most outstanding, sturdy empire builders are able more easily to connect the problems of the present with those of the past in this rapidly changing world.

The lessons of the past loom large in our thinking as we face the problems of this new day. The contribution of the centuries to our present life and mode of living is a notable one, indeed. Too often, when we flash on the screen of our mind the picture of 150 years ago and then change it quickly to the picture of today, we are tempted to marvel at our present advanced state in contrast to the primitive simplicity of those days gone by, and to commend ourselves too highly for bringing about this stupendous change. In studying the intervening pages of history, however, we see that our growth has not been of a mushroom variety. We see that our progress has been step by step, and that the superstructure of American democracy which now towers so high has been built, stone upon stone, timber upon timber, through the ages, and that into the building of the structure of our present society has gone not only the genius of what we might want to term our own supertalent but also the intelligence, the strength, the courage of mind, body, and soul of great and noble men who are no more and whose departure we mourn. Contemplation on the contribution of great men of the past gives needed restraint to our own vanity, a heightened appreciation of the intellectual qualities and

attributes of character of those great patriots who have gone before, and encouragement and inspiration in the thought that—

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

The faith which we have was the "faith of our fathers" before us. The Commandments which they obeyed, and which we, too, should obey, are those which were engraved on stone on the summit of Sinai and spoken from the lips of the Nazarene in His Sermon on the Mount. Religion and democracy are twin hand-servants which are inseparable. Neglect one and the other suffers. Destroy one and the other perishes. God grant that we may cling to these eternal verities which come as our sacred heritage of the past; that, faced with the fury of storms which now beset us we may chart our course by the compass that has been tried and found true by those who captained our ship on its early voyage:

Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

One hundred and fifty years in this rapidly moving world seem to us like ages—yet almost that length of time was spanned by the late Senator ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON and his illustrious father. The Constitution of the United States of America was adopted by the convention in 1787, just 6 years prior to their time.

You, fathers of the land we love,
You are not far away;
You're only back along the road
A little piece today.

The man whose memory we revere today lived and breathed in this Chamber less than 1 year ago. Personally to know the late Senator ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON was to love and

respect him. To know the heroic history of his immortal forebears and their pioneer background is forever to perpetuate that love and respect.

His father was the great pioneer whose strategy and efforts won one of the most decisive victories in the history of the world, a victory starting a chain of events which brought to the United States a third of its present area; a victory which laid the groundwork for a change in sovereignty over nearly a million square miles; and more important than all that, a victory which decided that our people should be free—free to work, free to worship, free to build in the added area a new promised land which would contribute to the happiness and well-being of mankind. That was one of the great achievements of Gen. Sam Houston and his valorous men—greatly outnumbered, low on rations, and with inadequate arms.

I could say more today of the leader of our forces at the Battle of San Jacinto. I could mention the methods by which he and his brave men won victory on San Jacinto's battlefield on April 21, 1836. I could recount the events of his earlier life which contributed to the military genius for which he was renowned—of his campaign with Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812 and the brilliance of his achievement then for the service of his country. Or we could examine the heritage which was his—the stanch record of his father, a soldier in the Revolutionary War; of earlier ancestors in Scotland who fought with John Knox for God and country. What a record was his as a statesman, a leader in the civil life of every community in which he dwelt! I know of no other character in our State or National life who served as Governor of two different States, as a Representative in Congress from two different States, as one of the first two United States Senators from his newly annexed State, and as President of an independent republic. Let us search for the reason for his phenomenal suc-

cess, the cause of his courage, the guiding principles which led him to such great fame.

In an obscure document, penned by his hand on October 8, 1835, I think I have discovered that creed. It will be remembered that he was then commander of the department of Nacogdoches. His first act in that capacity was to issue a general order to the forces at his command. While it was in the form of a military order, it seems to me that that message, and particularly its conclusion, was an address to the people of Texas and America, an expression of the sentiments of heart of one of their number, a promise of freedom to come, a consecration to duty, a call for high courage from all men of good will who might follow after him. It was so striking and significant in its content, so sincere in its tone, that I know it must have brought a warm, fervent, and zealous response from those whom he had been chosen to lead. Before reading that order I point out that it was written 107 years ago; yet we may well marvel at its application to the present time. Here it is:

The morning of glory is dawning upon us. The work of liberty has begun. Our actions are to become a part of the history of mankind. Patriotic millions will sympathize in our struggles, while nations will admire our achievements. We must be united—subordinate to the laws and authorities which we avow, and freedom will not withhold the seal of her approbation. Rally around the standard of the Constitution, entrench your rights with noble resolution, and defend them with heroic manliness. Let your valor proclaim to the world that liberty is your birthright. We cannot be conquered by all the arts of anarchy and despotism combined. In heaven and valorous hearts we repose our confidence. Our only ambition is the attainment of national liberty, the freedom of religious opinion, and just laws. To acquire these blessings we solemnly pledge our person, our property, and our lives. Union and courage can achieve everything, while reason combined with intelligence can regulate all things necessary to human happiness.

Those words were penned 107 years ago, but oh, how true they ring today. Thank God for truth, which withstands the onslaught of time. Thank God for the sentiments of heart of free men, which do not change though faced with the dark forebodings of an uncertain future. May there be engraved just as deeply upon the tablets of our hearts today the heroic words of Gen. Sam Houston when he called upon the freedom-loving citizens in 1835 to pledge to this sacred cause "our person, our property, our lives," and let us share with him the noble thought that "in Heaven and valorous hearts we repose our confidence."

That philosophy, propounded by Gen. Sam Houston to his people was bred into his son, ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON. His was also a full and useful life of military skill, patriotic devotion, and honest service, and he died in the service of his country. Proud was I, as Governor of Texas, whose 170,000,000 fertile acres and unlimited natural resources were bequeathed to six and one-half million happy citizens by the great liberator, Gen. Sam Houston, to wend my way on April 21, 1941, to that quiet, retired, modest little home on the shore of Trinity Bay, where lived his son, ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, and to tender him, on behalf of the grateful citizens of Texas the honor of an appointment to the Senate, to occupy the same seat occupied by his illustrious father almost a century ago. To whom could six and one-half million Texas citizens owe a greater debt of gratitude than to the only living son of the liberator of Texas? How could that debt be better paid than by such an appointment? It meant that in the dull, dreary days as ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON neared the end of the trail, the shining rays of the great Lone Star would brighten his pathway so that he could better see to cross the great final chasm on the strong bridge built for him by one of the greatest bridge builders of this Nation, his heroic father.

An old man going a lone highway
Came in the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he stopped when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength in building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way,
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm which has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth might a pitfall be,
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

Mr. President, Gen. Sam Houston was a bridge builder and a great empire builder. He blazed his way into the wilderness, and builded bridges of liberty, freedom, and democracy, which his children and their children and their children's children might use. His son, the late Senator ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, was also a great bridge builder of liberty, freedom, and democracy. May we who lived and breathed and worked with him feel that Houston human touch. May we absorb some of that priceless gift. May we grasp that torch of liberty, freedom, and democracy from failing hands and carry it ever onward and upward. May we, through God, have wisdom and strength to build today the bridges of liberty, freedom, and democracy as strong and lasting as those built by Senator ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, whose memory we honor today, and his family and all associated

families of yesteryear who builded this great Nation—the United States of America. To that true, honest, old-fashioned democratic philosophy of our forefathers, let us here dedicate our persons, our property, and our very lives; and

On this day of remembrance
Let us full faith renew;
From our brave past take courage
And strength for the thing to do.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution submitted by the senior Senator from Texas [Mr. Connally].

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. In accordance with the provisions of the resolutions heretofore unanimously agreed to, the Senate will stand adjourned.

Thereupon the Senate (at 4 o'clock and 14 minutes p. m.) adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, May 26, 1942, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

FRIDAY, *June 27, 1941.*

Rev. Hunter M. Lewis, B. D., assistant rector, Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C., offered the following prayer:

O God, our Heavenly Father, who dost command the light to shine out of darkness to awaken the earth to the beauty of the day: We beseech Thee to shine anew in the hearts of all men, and especially of these Thy Servants, that they, being illuminated by the light of Thy truth, may lead us in the paths of righteousness.

Lift up Thy countenance, we beseech Thee, O Lord, upon the people of America, dispelling any darkness that may o'ershadow, and so fill them with the knowledge of Thy truth that in all things they shall be the Children of Light in the radiant dawn of Thy glorious Kingdom.

Again, dear Father, we remember before Thee another who in the fullness of his years has been taken from our midst by the silent messenger. We thank Thee for his noble character, his loyalty and devotion to duty, and for the example of willing service which he has left to us. Do Thou comfort those whom he has left behind with a continual sense of Thine abiding presence, and sustain them by Thine everlasting arms. We ask in the name of Him who for our sake bore our sorrow, Thy Son our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mr. BYRNES. Mr. President, it is with sincere regret that I have to announce to the Senate the death of the distinguished junior Senator from Texas, the Honorable ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON.

The family of Senator HOUSTON have requested me to state to the Senate that they realized that Monday next will be the end of the fiscal year, and that a number of bills must be passed before the fiscal year expires. It is their desire that

the Senate should proceed with its business. They believe they are expressing what would have been the desire of Senator HOUSTON.

Mr. BYRNES. On behalf of the senior Senator from Texas [Mr. Connally] I send to the desk a resolution for which I ask present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 134) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, late a Senator from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Vice President to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolving clause, the Presiding Officer appointed Mr. Connally, Mr. Lee, Mr. Truman, Mr. Chavez, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Thomas of Idaho as the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Mr. BYRNES. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, I move that the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Saturday, June 28, 1941, at 12 o'clock meridian.

ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON

THURSDAY, *May 14, 1942.*

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution, and I ask that it be read. I ask unanimous consent that it be immediately considered.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 250), as follows:

Resolved, That on Monday, May 25, 1942, at the conclusion of the morning business, the legislative business of the Senate be suspended for the purpose of permitting the delivery of memorial addresses on the life, character, and public service of the late Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi; Andrew Jackson Houston, of Texas; Alva M. Lumpkin, of South Carolina; and Alva B. Adams, of Colorado, respectively.

There being no objection, the resolution was considered and agreed to.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

FRIDAY, *June 27, 1941.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Baldridge, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 134):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, late a Senator from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Vice President to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian tomorrow.

Mr. PATMAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution.

The Clerk read as follows (H. Res. 253):

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, a Senator of the United States from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of 21 members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints as members of the funeral committee the following Members: The Speaker, Mr. Sumners of Texas, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Lanham, Mr. Luther A. Johnson, Mr. Patman, Mr. Dies, Mr. Kleberg, Mr. Thomason, Mr. West, Mr. Mahon, Mr. Patton, Mr. South, Mr. Lyndon B. Johnson, Mr. Poage, Mr. Thomas of Texas,

Mr. Beckworth, Mr. Gossett, Mr. Kilday, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Worley.

The Clerk will report the further resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Saturday, June 28, 1941, at 12 o'clock noon.

Date Due

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AUG 13 1989	JUL 30 1989		

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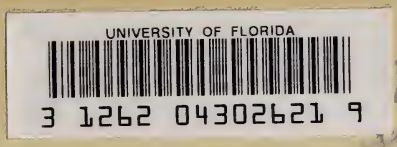

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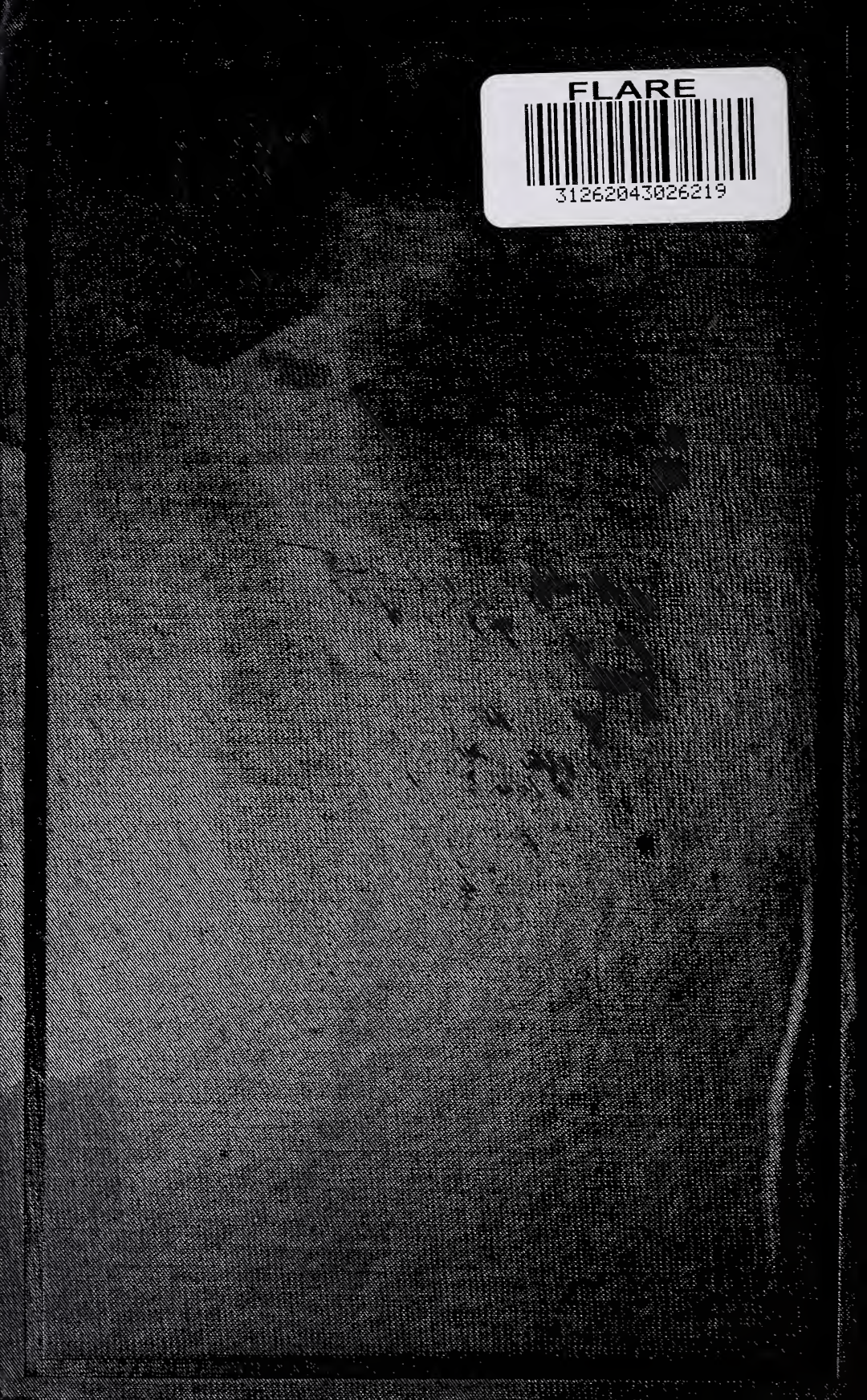
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